

‘23 Poems Sent with Love to Lovers’ by Rodney A. Hickman...

I hope this happens to you, too

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“Here Comes Spring”

Here comes Spring

No more snows

Young ladies legs get longer

Crocus shows

Trees fuller

Everywhere poets with quill

It's quite a thrill ! 4/22/23

“THERE WAS A TIME WHEN POEMS WERE NUMBERED”

There was a time when poems were numbered, (the Old One
Hundredth) And metered. (From 2 to 13). In proud processions stood
they, sang. New things broken to smaller pieces; could be
numbered again. They ended up in this poem, hiding.

Have you seen 'em? 12/26/21

Again

The Giants are on the roof again I see,

Shadowy winds race across City Tower

Some have things to say, others perhaps not.

Indignantly, spider clings to his gossamer

The music liquidishily floats about the

Poem seems to undo alphabet so

Poet, impervious, threads

porch.

bower...

menacingly;

them together,

triumphantly.

3/11/19

“HE ALWAYS SITS ABOVE”

He always sits above
where he can't miss my seat or cup

I swear to kill him
dumb bird, for befouling

We each sight our

paradise

bombs

destroy the target...

Universe do the hunting

hoping to

Let

It never misses

12/22/20



“HE POUNDED OUT UPON THE BREEZE”

He pounded out upon the breeze

A poem every day of his life.

Lived in a quarry; turned it to sand.

Wind gathered the sand,

Sedimentarily solidified it.

Another poet came, his heart

Also full of instrument...

Eons never yet turned poets away. 5/18/21

Ι Διδ νοτ Κνωω Ονε Χουλδ Ωαλκ Αμονγ Τηεμ ”

I Did Not Know One Could Walk Among Them”

a sonnet

On hearing the news Deanna had joined Lockheed

11/14/16

Σταρσ ωερε αλωαψσ ιν μψ τηουγητσ thoughts	Stars were always in my thoughts
Τηεψ φιλλεδ με ωιτη συχη αωε, χυριουσιτψ, ωονδερ such awe, curiosity, wonder.	They filled me with such awe, curiosity, wonder.
Ι φολλοωεδ τηεμ ωιτη στλασ, γυιδε, ανδ γλασσ atlas, guide, glass.	I followed them with atlas, guide, glass. and
Τηεψ σεεμεδ σο φαρ αωαψ, σο βριγητ, bright;	They seemed so far away, so bright;
Λοιτερινγ, ψετ ηυρριεδ (ορ σο τηε ποετ σαιδ) the poet	Loitering, yet hurried (or so the poet said),
Τηινγσ το ποιντ ατ βεφορεε τηε φυρτιωε κισσ. before the furtive kiss.	Things to point at before the furtive kiss.
Ι νεωερ σαω φεαρ ιν α σταρσ εψε, I never saw fear upon a star's	I never saw fear upon a star's

eye,

Σταρλιγητ αλωαψ ρεσχυεδ με φρομ τηε γοδσ
me from
gods

Starlight always rescued
the

Ωηο σεεμ το με στιλλ νοτ το λιωε τηερε,
live there,

Who seem to me still not to

Βυτ Ι αλωαψ χρινγεδ ιν σηαμε ατ τηειρ φοοτφαλλ
cringed in shame
at their footfall.

But I always

Τηεν ψου χαμε ανδ στροδε σο εασιλψ αχροσσ σκψ,
strode so
sky

Then you came and
easily across

Χλιμβεδ τηε δαρκνεσσ, χροππεδ τηε ηεαδ ωιτη φορμουλαε.-
darkness to
formulae:

Climbed the
crop the mist with

Ιτ νεωερ οχχυρεδ το με, Σταρ Ωαλκερ -
Walker

It never occurred to me, Star

Ι διδ νοτ κνω ονε χουλδ ωαλκ αμονγ τηεμ.
walk
them. 2016

I did not know one could
among

“Today I Walked With God”

a sonnet

Today I walked with God

Held his hand

Stroked his hair

Caressed his feet

In his ear I whispered

Together we laughed

Today I ran with God...

Walked among the

Picked a

Ran my

forest

summer rose, His

fingers upon the grass

Kissing all that grows

Laughed into the wind:

Almost caught up to him...

Almost caught up to him.

May, 1966...BYU Language Training Mission, Provo, Utah

“THERE IS A YELLOW FLOWER” A Charlotte poem

THERE IS A YELLOW FLOWER

THAT IN THE SUNLIGHT BEAMS

AND IN ITS PETALS

I SEE YOUR FACE

OR AT LEAST SO IT SEEMS,, SO IT

SEEMS.

girlfriend,

juvenalia I wrote. 1966

NOTES: Poem to Charlotte Brahler, 10th grader. My senior year

1964/5 Wilson High, Wash. DC. This is one of the first

What Paj Sang to Lahkshmi at the Bridge at Khajou

I could not sing to you today,

You were simply too beautiful, even for song.

11/11/16

“A Poem Forgotten Is Like The Desert Flower”

A poem forgotten is like the desert flower;
it has its longly moment and is gone.

I felt as if the whole world saw its Radiance;
looked around, saw I was alone.

Not the only one,
there's bound to be others.

You cannot see all the wind,
flowers get in the way. 11/11/16

"No one dies of a broken heart" A Sonnet

No one dies of a broken heart

Nor from tremulous love-parched lips

Ten days of kisses, ten days of bliss

Will lead to ten-thousand without a kiss

None die from a broken heart nor ever can

Nor from deep sighs, nor pity, nor

woe.

I do not know,

I had been slain:

Whose sword has the

sharper edge?

The lady who

bestowed the squeezes

Or suitor full of

mistakes and displeases?

But if my

lady could love me again

I'd

take ten days more

And hope for these, times ten. 1/14/13

“The Red Viburnum in the Meadow”

The red viburnum in the Meadow

Call for you - and for me - they whisper

Among the mountain passes of Carpathia

Among vast Majestic

Russian Steppes .

This Spring they weep,

Berries filled of blood;

Fields full of berries, filled of field, they say Leave us War's burden

Give Glory, Love. Lay, Thee, Thine Sword;

Spear, give Way!' Listen to the viburnum upon the meadow, so red.

Can you hear?

4/10/22

“The Laughing Daffodil”

Tired of the laughing daffodil,
he scribbled reveries,
stuck them to his pocket, sure of anonymity.
How wrong he was; Cosmos notices, has nothing to say.
Say what you will amid the ensuing silence;
things remain
not heard...

And the daffodillity...

"Your Red Lips Were Mine For An Evening"

Your red lips were mine
For an evening, plus ten.
Next time you return,
Please bring them again.
And if you have to leave,
Lace the moist to my pillow. 10/31/21

“She Awoke In All The World”

She awoke in all the world, sadness and love.
Each important as each.
It's okay to lose at love; all, have,
It is never fine when lovers part, all

have.
She is there.
to be lost.
resolution.
chosen wrongly about myself -
choose again.
love. Let someone else
up the mess.”
moist waves, her lips;
the tides, your shoulders, hips.
adults straighten things out later:
only the Inundation, the swell.

2/29/22

MAXIMS

Bathe in the sea! You are not alone.
The sea of emotion is a good place
In its waters, Love seeks
Let the human say: "I have
I wish to
This time I choose
Clean
In the
Among
Let
Now,

A fool never learns; the wise, not enough.

A friend is someone who does not mind if
you reject his pretensions;
an acquaintance, someone who wishes you would not

HOLY SCRIPTURE IS WHAT SOMEONE ELSE WROTE
AND DEMANDS YOU ACCEPT

A little stream makes a Grand Canyon; a small mind can do the same

In the religion of Love, there is no Irreverence or Faith

In time you forget; she, never will

The obedient are the less original.

fini

*“DIRGE CONCERNING THE MASSACRE OF FLOWERS
AT DOWNTOWN AND SECOND”*

I follow river, inspect cotton dust,

Moisten scars on the lips by the hill;

Play it for raven, play it as fad,

Post it to a windless wall, incunabulad.

Play it for the maven if you must -

(This dirge of an endless Fall,) -

Play it to things Winter cannot forestall :

I've hiked the Montana, planted corn in the hall;

Venture to say, somewhat quizzical,

What has happened here, will happen to all. 3/27/20

"Youth Never Left Me"

Youth never left me having arrived so blatantly inexpressible

He mused, while sitting at the old clocks of his cell listening

To spider web carillons. I did though enjoy the summer spoon

On the lovely tree branch as Ken Venturi won the U.S. Open, 1964

And 1961 Maris/Mantle hit home run fifty four and 61 more -
the cigarettes too. I remember the ride home in marvelous memory, open...

Life was easy then, long ago played on tree limb. 12/26/21

Notes : Summers at Congressional Country Club, Maryland. 1950s, 1960s

from *What The Master Said* by Attathuan...

'it seems to me idle to ask which was the greater master; each seems greater than his work'

And the disciples asked Jeshua, 'Master, what does it mean to follow me?'

Jesus replied,

'Follow the clouds, you'll lose attention quickly.

Follow the stars, your neck will hurt.

Follow the butterfly, you'll get dizzy.

Follow the sun, you'll soon be

hungry.
the day.'

This should take up most of

"If you see the Buddha on the path, he does not need to be killed nor needs water."
The Master said so, I wrote it down.

"America : A Friday Night Idyll"

The Huns came and destroyed everything

And picked up pieces of the Church

Mongols stormed the world for 500 years

Muslims forced submission to all who could be forced

Next the European nations with their 500-year invasions

Yet still stand Hagia Sophia, still stand Rome,
Angkor Wat.

And its Revival, Sagrada Basilica, Barcelona.

Then came America, a New World
And its Glory, the Capitol, forever!
Golden California and its Compton.

One cannot find fault in America, it is big enough for both. 5/28/22

from the *Religion Files of Etanboithanos Baczylius*,
Poet to the Hanseatic League

*And Now The Jews!
Nothing can be said of the Jews. No one knows enough.
The jew knows it all;
and, they tell funny jokes.

*Prophetic advice older than a nanosecond is useless;
if you like its advice, write it down, sell it as ancient wisdom.
Stupid people thousands of years later will still be buying it

*Attend the congregation a lifetime,

sing the songs, sit in pews,
pay for the convenience of worship....
Why? I'm just trying to help....

Fini

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“IF DEATH COULD LEARN TO SING”

If death could learn to sing

How different things would be:

To learn Sequences of Rhapsody,

Secret songs on the rhythm of Spring

Its dark shade, constant as morning

dew.

Oh! How I'd like to sing

With you at the

wooded pew,

If death would

come learn to sing.

This

Dark Doubt it seems,

Wary

not of Worry, Wind, or Wet!

Nor of birdsong among the Alphabets of Sky,

If death would come to learn to sing !

7/10/20..

Notes: One of those poems which suddenly appear out of the blue sky. I hope the sky was clear.

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a red flower crown and a white dress with large pink and red floral prints, is dancing barefoot in a grassy field. The background is a soft-focus sunset with golden light filtering through dark trees. The scene is romantic and serene.

"I Had So Hoped"

I had so hoped your dance card

Be filled with my name only

the longer I looked

The more sure it was you came

Solely

To dance with Spring. fini

Afterword

The last poem you ever write should not be your first
The first poem you ever write should not be your last
Love, Rodney A. Hickman

Motto found in Grog's grotto...35,000 years ago, France:

"I LIKE LIFE"

I LIKE LIFE, IT'S NICE.

UNLIKE YOU, UNLIKE I; NEVERTHELESS,
SOFT IS THE RAIN
AND BLUE, SO CRYSTAL, THE SKY. fini

